THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

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NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

DARLING.

So oft, my friend, you speak of her, It bids my inner being stir. And who is darling, this I pray?-A sunny child, a bud of May, Whose laugh and shout and cherub face, At every time, in every place Are of your heart its sweet employ-In this your darling, this your joy?

Ah no! I see it is in truth A maiden in the growth of youth, As lovely as a morn in June, There scarce could be a sweeter boon; Expectancy upon her face, And joy and hope add dimpled grace; The dewdrop clearness in her eye, As blue and soft as yonder sky.

My darling is not thus, ah no! Her eye it hath no lustrous glow, Her brow bears marks of age and care, Like symbols, too, her check doth wear Her hands are trembling, pallid, weak, Her steps her feebleness doth speak, Her voice has quavers in its tone, The verge of life by her is won.

And yet to me more passing fair Than sunny child or maiden are That face where age has set its sign, Has patient smile almost divine, And those dim eyes have holy light, As if they saw beyond our sight, The hands so trembling, pale and weak Of long and faithful service speak.

These marks of beauty, friend, are such, Not age nor sense, but heart that touch; They tell me in a little while I'll miss the patient face and smile. I touch her lips, I grasp her hand, With reverent awe before her stand, And whisper soft, aye, tenderly, My mother darling is to me. -Christian Work.



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CHAPTER XVI. FRIEND OR FOE.

I used to sup alone in my rooms, occasionally asking St. Armande to join me; and after supper we diced together for an hour or so, for very small points. He was an infant at the game, and I taught him a good deal, so much so that after a little practice, for he was very quick with his wrist, he mastered my favorite throw, and one evening after returning from the vatican he knocked me up in my rooms, and flung on the table a bag of gold pieces.

"Three hundred of them, cavaliere!" he said; "I won them from Fabrizio Colonna, who is looking green with rage. If your purse is running short, they are at your service. Ha! I see a flask of Orvieto-may I?" and he poured himself out a goblet, at which he began to sip, in apparent defiance of his yow.

"The devil!" I exclaimed, "but you are t high stake cnet

though of course I did not appear to notice this last, as he was in a manner my guest. I therefore made reply: "My reasons for my action, chevalier, are

good, and when the time comes 1 promise you I shall not be found sleeping."

The gentle reproof in my words seemed to bring him back to his old self, for by the light of the candles I observed him flush scarlet, and that curious look which recalled a strange resemblance to some one I knew, but could not remember, came over his features. I began to relent as I saw his confusion, almost as soon as I had spoken; and added, "I may say that the time is not far distant-that it is a matter of days only." "Take me with you."

He asked this almost in a tone of entreaty, keeping his eyes away from me, however, and nervously twisting at his mustache.

"And your secretary, as you call him, the abbe?' "Oh, he will come, too, and we could con-

fess to him." I hesitated for a second, and then made

answer: "Very well. Only you must be prepared

to start at a moment's notice, and there will probably be hard riding and hard fighting, and there is yet another thing.' 'What is that?"

"You must come as a simple volunteer, and must make no inquiry as to what the business is on which I am engaged. I risk my life for my own purposes; if you wish to do likewise you are welcome to join me, on the condition I have stated."

"I accept with pleasure."

"Then that is settled, and I have a new comrade

"Hurrah!" and he raised his glass to his lips.

After that he retired, it being late. I saw him across the courtyard as far as his apartments, and then, returning to my rooms, unconsciously took the chair St. Armande had vacated. The goblet of wine he had filled was before me, and I idly lifted it in my hand. It was barely touched. In fact he could but have tasted a few drops only.

Like lightning a suspicion of treachery ame on me. The man had been pretending to drink. With what object? I could not make out. Was the offer of the money a blind? Perhaps so, and if then? I had been a fool to agree to his joining me, with that sour-looking abbe of his. Yes, I had been a fool, but it was lucky I discovered my own folly in time. I should keep my eyes on this silken diplomat, and if necessary pick a quarrel with him, and run him through. Somehow I did not like the idea of this, however; but determined to get rid of him in one way or the other. I would allow nothing to stand between me and the road back to honor. So musing, I sat for a half-hour or so, and was startled by Jacopo's sudden entry, so lost was I in thought. He came and stood, bolt upright, next to my chair, without saying a word. I knew from this that he had some request to make, some favor to ask, as otherwise he would not have hesitated to make play with is tongue at once.

"What is it, Jacopo?"

He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and then replied:

"Your excellency, I want leave." "Leave! What for? You are not going to be married, are you?"

"Heaven and the saints forbid, excelency. No-no-it is not that, it is only leave for the day I want, and also for our men.²

"The devil! What are you going to do?" "Only a little dinner, excellency, which I am giving."

"And wasting those crowns you got the other day. Well, that is your affair, not

tiring manners and apparent want of knowledge of the world, was nothing more nor less than an accomplished actor. Then again he was a Frenchman, and how came he, obviously fresh from France, to become an agent of the Medici plotters, for so I put him down to be? There were the letters from Mme. de la Tremouille, his introductions were unimpeachable, the cardinal believed in him-the whole thing was contradictory. Above all, there was my strong personal liking for St. Armande. In his presence I never felt that secret warning which all men feel when they are with an enemy. I have never known it fail with me, and with St. Armande there was no such warning, no such silent signal which goes straight from soul to soul. On the contrary, 1 felt he was almost more than friendly towards me, and I felt, in my turn towards him, despite our short acquaintance, very nearly the same protective feeling that one has towards a defenseless child. As may be imagined, I was in no very comfortable frame of mind about this, and rode back silently, revolving the point. When we reached the palace, almost the first per-

son I met was St. Armande, and as I dismounted he came up to me with a cordial greeting, and asked: "Well, cavaliere, good sport, I trust?" "Very," I replied, shortly, and then looked him straight in the face as I added:

'Do you intend to give the Colonna his revenge to-night?" Something in my tone caught him, he met

my eyes for a moment, then dropped his



gaze, and looked towards the ground. We stood thus before each other for a little time before he replied, and his voice was almost inaudible.

"Perhaps-I am not sure," he added, with an effort.

I was standing, holding Castor's reins; but as he spoke I handed the horse over to a groom, and, linking my arm in St. Armande's, said, loudly, and with a tone of affected gayety:

"You missed a great ride, chevalier-come take a turn with me in the garden."

He yielded passively, and in a few steps we had crossed the courtyard and were in a secluded portion of the palace gardens that was called the Lemon walk. This I may add was subsequently improved out of existence by the architect, in the course of completion of the palace and grounds. When we reached this point, I unslipped my arm, and, turning round, faced St. Armande, having resolved to end my suspicions.

"See here, chevalier," I said, "I am playing for heavy stakes, I am walking on dangerous ground, and must know where I put my feet, will you answer a plain question? Are you friend or foe?"

He looked round in a helpless sort of way,

"He never struck me as a man to run after the ladies," I said.

"No," replied the abbe, "but it is the other way. You would stand no chance against him, cavalier, for all your long mustache -- a thousand thanks," and the genial Le Clere seized the flagon of Orvieto 1 passed to him, and filled his goblet.

After this the conversation changed, and I shortly retired to my apartments and, dismissing my lackey, sat down to read a book on falconry that the cardinal had lent me. I had not been occupied thus for an hour when the door opened, and Jacopo cau-tiously peeped in. He withdrew his head on catching my eye, and I heard him shuffling outside.

"Come in."

"Excellency," and the sound of further shuffling, but no Jacopo. 1 lost patience it this, and fearing at the same time that there had been trouble, repeated my order to come in sharply. This had the desired effect; but as soon as my henchman appeared in view I made certain there had been a brawl. He was very red in the face, and from under the helmet he wore could see a white bandage.

"What the devil does this mean, Jacope?" I asked, sternly,

"I have come to report, excellency."

"You hardly appear in a fit state to do

"Perfectly fit, excellency," and Jacope drew himself up to attention and saluted. "Is the matter of importance? For, if

not, you had better come to-morrow." "Yes, your excellency-matter of im-

portance. By your worship's leave, as you are aware, I gave a dinner to-day, and we had-"

"Never mind what you had; to the point."

"Boiled meat with sauce, sausages with garlie, a risotto alla Milanese-

"I do not care what you had-go on, fool."

"I am going on, excellency. Where was I -a risotto did I say? And bread made with yeast. And for drink, signore-"

"I doubt not you had store of that, Jacopo.

"But a dozen flagons or so of wine, your worship-all rosso. "Jacopo-you will be good enough to re-

tire at once."

"I am retiring, excellency; but my report.

"Will do for to-morrow."

"As your worship desires; but we have burnt the inn."

"What?"

"The inn, where we rested the day of our arrival in Rome, your worship. What with one thing and another, the landlord footed up his bill to four crowns. And I said to my friends: 'What! are honest soldiers to pay like this?' Whereat there was trouble, excellency; but we came off best."

I rose without a word, and seizing Jacopo by the neck, ejected him from the room, with, I am sorry to say, very considerable violeace.

Cursing myself for my folly in having been so generous, I banged the door after him, and returned to my book. I could not, however, read, for my mind was full of the consequences that might arise from this mad freak of my followers, and I determined to seek out the cardinal the next day, and obtain his permission to move out of Rome to some quicter spot, and there await his instructions. Amidst it all, however, I could not help being pleased at the thought that retributive justice had overtaken the scoundrel tavern-keeper, the memory of whose bed made me shudder. I had no doubt that Jacopo was speaking the truth, and that, even as he sp

Courage.

Courage and a good circulation are practically synonymous terms, and no man whose heart is not firmly kept under control can go down stairs in the dark to find a hidden burglar. In times of danger or of emergency, the strong-hearted individual, with a normal pulse rate of 72 beats to the minute, is unconscious of the drop of even 15 beats per minute, and calmly does his duty. But how fares the luckless man whose heart is irritable, or whose normal beat is \$5? The loss of 15 beats means absolute prostration, whilst if his heart be easily excited it may be working 120 to the minute, without any power on his part to check it. Either case means cowering down among the bedclothes, oblivious of duty.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Death-Bed Humor.

The following is told by the granddaughter of an old lady who lived in one of the southern states, and had been known throughout the neighborhood as one who had a keen sense of the ridiculous. After a long illness her final hour was supposed to have come, and her children and grandchildren gathered round for a last farewell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and, on seeing the mournful expressions of those about her, remarked with all her old-time vigor: "The watched pot never boils." -Argonaut.

From Baby in the High Chair

to grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired sub-stitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at $\frac{1}{4}$ the It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

The Crowning Slight.

An Atchison man has been henpecked during the greater part of his life by a wife and five daughters. Against his will he has been obliged to take little homeopathic pills when he would have preferred quinine, to attend the Episcopal church when he preferred the Baptist, and recently his women folks com-pelled him to be vaccinated by a woman doctor .- Atchison Globe.

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Charged to Account .- Father-"You're altogether too extravagant, sir. Now, what did you pay for that suit you've on you? Son-"Oh, say, pop, you must think I'm a chump."-Detroit Free Press.

The proposition of the T. M. Roberts Sup-ply House, Minneapolis, Minn., found else-where in this issue, should be accepted at once, by everyone. 57 big packets of garden seeds for a few cents, and a fine knife free. When you write them mention this paper.

She (after the proposal)—"You know papa is not rich." He (philosophically)— "Oh, well, I'd rather take his chances than mine."—Harlem Life.

Picard estates must be broad. Thanks all the same for your offer, but my purse is as full as I want it at present."

He leaned back in his chair, with a pink flush on his delicate features.

"I meant no offense, cavaliere; but what is the use of money unless one can share it with a friend?"

"There was no offense taken, St. Armande," I replied; "and if you will take none, I would like to have my say at you."

He looped one finger in his golden mustache, and showed his even teeth in his smile, as he said:

"Speak on."

"Then, chevalier, it seems to me a thousand pities that a young man like you



He was an infant at the game

would waste your time here, as you appear to be doing. I understood you to say you had never seen a sword drawn in earnest as yet-and your mustache is grown! Take my advice. Play no more for gold pieces with Colonna or anyone else. Mount your horse, and join Tremouille at once."

"Ah! that is good," he said: "and why does the grave and reverend Cavaliere Donati waste his time here, hanging at the heels of a churchman, and moping o' nights like an owl on a ruined wall, instead of stirring the times himself with the point of his sword?"

With any other I would have been anmoyed; with the youth before me I was slightly amused, and at the same time a trifle surprised. Hitherto he had appeared so shy and reserved, and now, of a sudden, he had thrown this off, and had put on an air which I had not noticed before, but which became him vastly. I set it down to the fact that perhaps he was

mine. Yes, you can have the leave." "A hundred thanks, excellency."

"Mind you, there must be no brawling, no trouble.

"Excellency."

"Well, good night, and remember what I say. Here, you may remove this winecup as you go.

"Good night, signore," and Jacopo, lifting the goblet, went out. The night being fairly warm, I kept my door open, and as he passed into the portico I saw him drain the contents of the goblet with a gulp, and heard him draw his lips together with a smack of approval, and march off to his quarters, chuckling at something or other.

The following afternoon I rode out with Bayard and half a dozen others. It was a hawking party, and there was a long gallop to our point of operation, which was to begin a little way beyond Ponte Molle. In a short time we started a noble heron, and, Bayard flinging his peregrine into the air, we rode after the birds. It was a glorious ride, and Castor and Pollux far outstripped the others, so much so that when we drew rein beside the stricken heron, and Bayard slipped the hood onto his hawk, our companions were not in sight. This, however, troubled us little, and turning rein we made backwards. On our way back, I seized the opportunity to mention to Bayard that St. Armande had volunteered to aid me in my task, and that I had accepted his offer. "It will do him good," he said; "he seems

a noble youth, who has been tied too long to apronstrings."

"Do you think so?" I said; "he strikes me as being effeminate to a degree-and yet I cannot help liking him."

"He has a wonderful pure mind," said Layard; "the boy, for he is no less, is as innocent as a child."

"The vatican will not improve him then, especially if he plays for gold crowns with

Colonna. "Plays for gold crowns!" exclaimed Bay-

ard: "you are surely mistaken, cavaliere." "Did he not do so last night, my lord? I understood he won three hundred off Fabrizio?'

"Impossible," said Bayard, "I was at the vatican last night, and the party in which 'olonna was playing consisted of Strigonia, Mgr. Florido, our lord the pope, and Colonna himself-no more. St. Armande was standing hard at hand for some little time. but never took a wager. In fact, he passed most of the evening with Giulia Bella, thrumming on a lute, much to the annoyance of his holiness. I should say it would be well for him to quit Rome.'

"Then I am wrong," I said; "yes, I fancy it would be well for him to quit Rome.

By this time the others came up, and we said no more. As we went back to Rome. 1 dropped a little behind, reflecting on what Bayard had told me. I was certain that St. Armande had hed to me, and I began to feel sure he had done this not for body, and say masses for his soul, unless slightly warmed with wine, having ap-carently absolved himself from his vow; al- this innocent-looking boy, with his shy, re- Borgia."

his color coming and going, but said noth-Was it possible the man was a cowing. ard?

"If you do not reply," I said, "I will take the risk, and treat you as an enemy, do you heat? You hed to me when you said last night you had played at the vatican with Colonna-now draw." I pulled out my weapon, and stood before him, expecting every instant to see his rapier in his hands; but he stood absolutely still, his head hanging down.

"Man," I said, "have you not heard? Am I to think you a coward as well as a liar?" "How dare you say that!" he burst out. "You-you of all men-Oh! what am I say-

ing? Yes, I did not play with Colonna; but I thought you were hard pressed for money, and-and invented the fiction, thinking that perhaps-

"That perhaps I would accept your winnings over the gambling table, rather than the offer of a friend. You do me much honor, chevalier."

"You wrong me, Savelli-nay, start not. I know your name and story, and, before heaven, I say I am your friend."

"You know me!"

"Yes, I am working for you; come, put by your sword. Look at me! Do I look like an enemy?"

He had recovered himself, and met my gaze fearlessly. Where could I have seen that face before? I drew my hand over my forehead as if to sweep the cobwebs from my memory, but with no avail.

"Well," he went on, with a smile, "do I look like an enemy? If I do, your sword is ready. Strike now, it will be quick riddance; come!"

I put back my sword with a snap. "I do not understand, but I accept your explanation.

He held out his hand frankly.

"That is right, and you will still let me be your comrade?"

I took his grasp.

"Yes, if you wish it."

We walked back together in silence, and on reaching the courtyard St. Armande said:

"I am afraid I have fallen much in your esteem.

"My esteem, chevalier, is at present of no value to man or woman.

"Do you think so?" he said, and then, "Adieu for the present; remem rapidly: ber, I hold you to your word that you think me a friend."

I made no answer, and he ran lightly up the steps of the priveipal entrance.

I supped that evening for a change with the gentlemen of the suite; but St. Armande was not there, and there were a few free remarks made concerning the manner in which he was supposed to have been received at the vatican by Giulia Orsini and Lucrezia Borgia.

"If it goes on like this," said Le Clere, we will have to drag the Tiber for his he puts the seas between himself and the

fiames were sputtering merrily above that den of thieves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Settling the Boy's Career.

An old Dutchman had a beautiful boy, of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted a very novel method by which to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whisky and a silver dollar.

"Now," said he, "ven dot boy comes in, of he dakes dot dollar, he's goin' to be a beesniz man; of he dakes dot Bible, he'll be a breacher; ef he dakes dot whisky, he's no goot-he's goin' to be a drunkart," and he hid behind the door to see which his son would choose.

In came the boy, whistling. He ran up to the table and picked up the dollar and put it in his pocket; he picked up the Bible and put it under his arm. then he snatched up the bottle of whisky and took two or three drinks, and went out smacking his lips. The old Dutchman poked his head out from behind the door and exclaimed:

"Mine gracious-he's going to be a bolitician."-Boston Traveler.

Sweet Enough.

Nobody can pay a preitier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses. His tongue and wit are never nimbler than when he employs them in the service of "blarney." A young professor from Dublin was entertained over night by an American professor at his summer home on the const of Maine. At breakfast the next morning the little daughter of the house, who sat next the young Irishman, saw with amazement that he put no sugar in his tea. 'Wouldn't you like even one lump of sugar in your tea?" she asked, solicitously. "My papa likes three lumps." "Since you have looked into the cup, my little maid, the tea is quite sweet enough," responded the young professor, gallantly .-- Youth's Companion.

But He Kept on Talking.

Biggs-When it comes to absence of mind, that barber across the way scoops the pot.

Diggs-Why, what has he been doing?

cut this morning, and he pinned a newspaper around my neek and gave me a towel to read."-('hieago Evening News.

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The proper size for a lazy individual is exercise.-Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medi-zine.-Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

Liars should make it a point to carefully sultivate their memories.—Ram's Horn.

A frog would leap from a throne of gold into a puddle.—Publius Syrus.



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